

## Billy Hargrove does a favour by meanestvenus

**Series:** [Midwestern Eden \[2\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Billy Hargrove Redemption, F/F, Female Billy Hargrove, Female Steve Harrington, Protective Billy Hargrove, Sibling Bonding, Soft Billy Hargrove

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Maxine "Max" Mayfield

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-04-27

**Updated:** 2018-04-27

**Packaged:** 2022-04-22 04:42:01

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,063

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](https://archiveofourown.org)

**Summary:**

Max stubbornly didn't move. Billy rolled her eyes.

"Not trying to murder ya, for God's sake. Though if you keep looking at me like that, I might reconsider."

"Jesus, what's wrong with you," Max mumbled, but she started walking towards the door.

// Billy's trying to be nice to Max, okay? She can be nice. (Her version of nice.)

## Billy Hargrove does a favour

Billy was trying, okay. Though she would rather die than let anyone know, she was ashamed of how she'd been ready to hit a kid. Yeah, she was impulsive with a talent for creating problems nobody really needed, but following her instinct wasn't usually such a bad idea. She had been furious at Max for being late because it was going to be her problem and the little shit still clearly didn't care. She was furious with her dad for getting remarried, being a controlling asshole, moving them to Hawkins, giving her responsibility for Max. And she was furious at herself because she had finally gone off the deep end.

But she was being careful now, getting her shit together before she imploded all together. Or exploded, whatever. She was playing the angel at home even if it would probably make whatever was coming worse. She didn't say sorry to Max because she'd learned from the best that you never say sorry but she stopped bitching (as much) about picking her up. Hell, she was voluntarily taking her places.

She'd noticed how Max was fidgeting during dinner, looking at the clock. They'd done the dishes, Max only half-drying them and afterwards Billy asked her dad if she could please go rent a tape from the store across town.

He grunted, sipping a beer in front of the tv while Susan sat meekly next to him, not even looking over at them. "You're not going to go find any boys in alleyways, are you? I'm going to check for the movie once you get back."

Billy smoothed out her facial features but couldn't help the little mocking curl of her lip.

"Of course, Daddy," she said and from the way he looked over sharply she thought she'd fucked up.

"Can I take Max? She's never seen The Parent Trap. I thought maybe we could get it. Might be appropriate."

He practically narrowed his eyes, the fucking clichéd bastard. "I suppose. Susan?"

“Whatever you think, honey.”

He leaned back in his chair and fixed his eyes back on the tv. “Put a shirt on, you look like a whore.”

It was a tank top. Billy indulged herself by just walking the door to get her jacket as a confused and suspicious little redhead watching her. She tilted her head towards the door as she slid on her boots. Max stubbornly didn’t move.

Billy rolled her eyes.

“Not trying to murder ya, for God’s sake. Though if you keep looking at me like that, I might reconsider.”

“Jesus, what’s wrong with you,” Max mumbled, but she started getting ready.

“That’s not what you say to somebody driving you somewhere.”

Billy turned on the radio too loudly, and lit a cigarette by the time Max had trudged to the car. She got in, side-eyeing the cig disdainfully.

“You know those things kill, right?” She sounded smug and Billy couldn’t help but blow a little smoke her way.

“Ugh,” she said, her freckled button nose scrunched up as she plastered herself to the door. “What is--”

“Where we headed, runt?” She tapped her fingers against the steering wheel. They’d better peel off before her dad changed his mind although he doubtlessly thought Max deserved to see every wholesome sixties movie out there.

Max was silent for a beat. “The guys said they finally got Dragon’s Lair at the arcade and they were all gonna try it. It’s got a dumb blonde damsel in distress but I didn’t get to play it back home.”

Billy dipped her head, drawing her cigarette from her mouth and starting the engine. “You’ve probably got a good half hour, though I’ll never understand why you’d want to spend it with those losers.” She looked over at Max, who had crossed her arms and was looking

determinedly into the neighbour's lawn. Billy sighed. Probably not the ideal thing to say but it wasn't like her animosity towards them, or her general bitchery, was going to go away overnight.

"Alright. I'll drop you off and then go hunt down something I've already seen."

She glanced back at Max's sour little face. "And put on your seatbelt."

Max wouldn't admit it on pain of death, but she definitely squealed when Billy tore out the driveway and down the street. She was holding the above-door oh-shit handle which made Billy laugh. She loved driving too fast, like a bat out of hell, and she loved her Camaro.

She and Max didn't say anything else on the ride, except when Max tried to turn the music down and Billy smacked her hand away. When they were a couple blocks away, Max started glancing over at her periodically.

"What?" She said, and Max looked out the window again, although she obviously wanted to say something. The next time she did it, Billy swerved a little.

"Hey!" Max snapped, scowling.

"Yeah?" Billy demanded. Max just pursed her lips.

"What? Worried you won't be as pretty as me someday?"

"Ew," Max said, and then they pulled up to the arcade.

As Max was getting out, Billy reached over to tug her arm.

"Don't be late this time, or we'll both be fucked." She warned.

"Yeah, yeah, I know," and Max snatched her arm back and ran towards the door. She definitely didn't know, or she wouldn't have said it like that.

Then Billy felt eyes on her, and turned into Stephanie Harrington's gaze. She was leaning against her car, smoking. Wearing an absurdly

hideous jacket. Eyeing Billy defiantly, like she wanted to Billy to know exactly how much she didn't care. A curl of smoke escaped her pink lips. Her dark hair brushed her shoulders, a little hanging messily over her eyes.

She's too hot for her own damn good, Billy thought. She sucked a last drag on her cigarette, all while never breaking eye contact with Harrington. She rolled down her window, tossed it out, and let her hand dangle out the window in the frigid air. Harrington's eyes were glued to her the whole time, so watchful and daring they were almost fuck-me eyes. Billy wondered what look she was making back, licked her lips in a subconscious habit. She could practically see Harrington snort, and then she pulled out of the lot with a provocative tire screech. She wished she didn't have to go to the video store.

**Author's Note:**

Not sure I captured Max's character as I wanted to, but I imagine in this stage she's still very wary of Billy and not saying much.